

Aretha Franklin, Twas The Night Before Christmas

Twas the night
Before Christmas
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring
Not even a mouse
The stockings all hung
By the chimney with care
In hopes
That St. Nicholas
Soon would be there
The children were nestled
All safe in their beds
While visions of sugarplums
Danced in their heads
And mom in her kerchief
And I in my cap,
Had just settled down
For a long winters nap
When out on the lawn
There arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed
To see what was the matter
Away to the window
I flew like a flash
Tore open the shutters
And threw up the sash
The moon on the breast
Of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre
Of midday
To object below
When what
To my wandering eyes
Should appear
But a miniature sleigh
And eight tiny reindeer
With a little ol' driver
So lively and quick
I knew in a moment
It must be St. Nick
More rapid than eagles
His courses they came
As he whistled
And shouted
And called
Them by name
Now dasher
Now dancer
Now prancer
Now vixen
On comet
On cupid
On doner
An blitzen
To the top
Of the porch
To the top
Of the wall
Now dash-away
Dash-away
Dash-away all
As dry leaves
Before the wild
Hurricane fly

When they meet
With an obstacle
Mount to the sky
So up
To the housetop
The courses
They flew
With a sleigh
Full of toys
And St. Nicholas too
And then
In a twinkling
I heard on the roof
The prancing
And pawing
Of each little hoof
As I drew in my head
And was turning around
Down the chimney
St. Nicholas
Came with a bound
He was dressed
All in fur
From his head
To his foot
And his clothes
Were all tarnished
With ashes and soot
A bundle of toys
He had flung
On his back
And he looked
Like a peddler
Just opening
His pack
His eyes
How they twinkle
His dimples how merry
His cheeks
Were like roses
His nose like a cherry
His drawl little mouth
Was drawn up like a bow
And the beard of his chin
Was a white as the snow
The stump of his pipe
He held tight
In his teeth
And the smoke it
Encircled his head
Like a wreath
He had a broad face
And a round little belly
That shook when he laughed
Like a bowl full of jelly
He was chubby and plump
A right jolly old elf
I laughed when I saw him
In spite of myself
A wink of his eye
And a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know
I had nothing to dread
He spoke not a word
But went straight

To his work
And filled
All the stockings
Then turned
With a jerk
An laying a finger
Along side his nose
An giving a nod
Up the chimney
He rose
He sprang
To his sleigh
To his team
Gave a whistle
An away
They all flew
Like the down
Of a thistle
But I heard him exclaim
As he drove out of sight
Happy christmas to all
And to all a goodnight
Hmmm